

THE VENTURER 1956



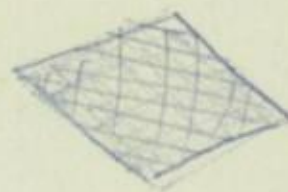
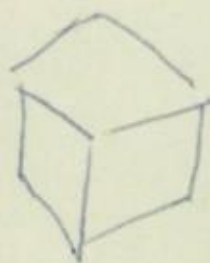
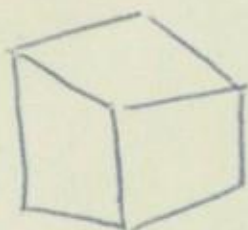


Lurelle

L. Spurgeon

Spurgeon

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MISS HEWITT'S CLASSES
45 EAST 75 STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE VENTURER

MAY 1956

Member of
COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS
ASSOCIATION

*" . . . In fifty-six on a day in May,
We manned the capstan and sailed away
To voyage for all the years and a day . . .*

*"What if the sky with deep sea wars?
With sturdy canvas and stubborn spars
We'll hold our course to the furthest stars!"*



Yearbook Board

Editor-in-Chief

LOUISE PAINE

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ANNA FAULKNER

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ISABELLE MILLS

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LAURA BERKELY



Dedication

TO MISS BLAIR

For your patience, humor, and
understanding—although at
times we didn't deserve it.

Senior Class

Susan Ward Bergman

Elisabeth-Ann Boyd

Anna Treanor Faulkner

Ruth Hill Havemeyer

Marcia McMartin

Sarah Aley Poythress McNeal

Isabelle Brulatour Mills

Florence Bragg Paine

Louise Mitchell Paine

Barbara Ann Peddy

Katharine Paula Reed

Lynne Burke Sawdon

Anne Halle Seymour

Patricia Anne Howard Shelton

Barbara Ann Wallander

Joanne Patricia Warner



SUSAN WARD BERGMAN

Bergie

Entered: September, '54

Topic of Conversation: Hi-Fidelity

Probable Companion: Manolete

Suppressed Desire: To un-relate relativity

Allergy: Conformity

Lost Without: An argument

Remembered For: Forgetting

20 Years Hence: Editing Spanish "Mad"

Reporter of the *Anchor*, '54

Glee Club, '54, '55, '56

President of the Glee Club, '56

*"Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!"*

—BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

Art Club, '55, '56

Dramatic Club, '54, '56

Political Club, '56

Yorkville Youth Council, '56

Literary Editor of the Yearbook, '56

Boarding Department, B. D., '54, '55, '56

Address: Barker's Point Road,
Sands Point,
L.I., N.Y.





ELISABETH-ANN BOYD

Nance

Entered: September, '52

Topic of Conversation: Mouchoir
Probable Companion: Martin Arrow-smith
Suppressed Desire: To enter Varsity in the Olympics
Allergy: Giving assignments to forgetful classmates
Lost Without: A felt skirt
Remembered For: School spirit
20 Years Hence: Captain Nancy Boyd, U.S.N.

" . . . The quiet kind, whose natures never vary."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Photography Editor of the *Anchor*, '54
 Senior Dramatic Club, '53, '54, '55, '56
 Secretary-Treasurer of the Senior Dramatic Club, '56
 Student Council Representative, '55
 Glee Club, '54, '56
 Varsity Basketball, '55, '56
 Political Club, '56
 Yorkville Youth Council, '56
 President of Athletics, '56

Address: 122 East 76th Street,
 New York City





*"See with what simplicity this nymph begins
her golden days."*

—ANDREW MARVILL

ANNA TREANOR FAULKNER

"A"

Entered: September, '55

Topic of Conversation: "Listen . . . we
can't get a yearbook out with only
\$10,000!"

Probable Companion: Captain Kidd

Suppressed Desire: To say "no"

Allergy: Messiness

Lost Without: Her Monkey

Remembered For: That inner glow

20 Years Hence: An ideal wife

Secretary-Treasurer of Political Club, '56
Business Manager of the Yearbook, '56
Boarding Department, B. D., '56

Address: 604 Hillside Road,
Fairfield,
Connecticut

Glee Club, '56
Yorkville Youth Council, '56





*"Can honey distill such fragrance as your
bright hair."*

—H. D.

RUTH HILL HAVEMEYER

Ruthie

Address: El Rancho De Buen Tiempo,
P.O. Box 473,
Tucson,
Arizona

Entered: September, '55

Topic of Conversation: Arizona

Probable Companion: Tom Mix

Suppressed Desire: To take over King
Ranch

Allergy: Calories

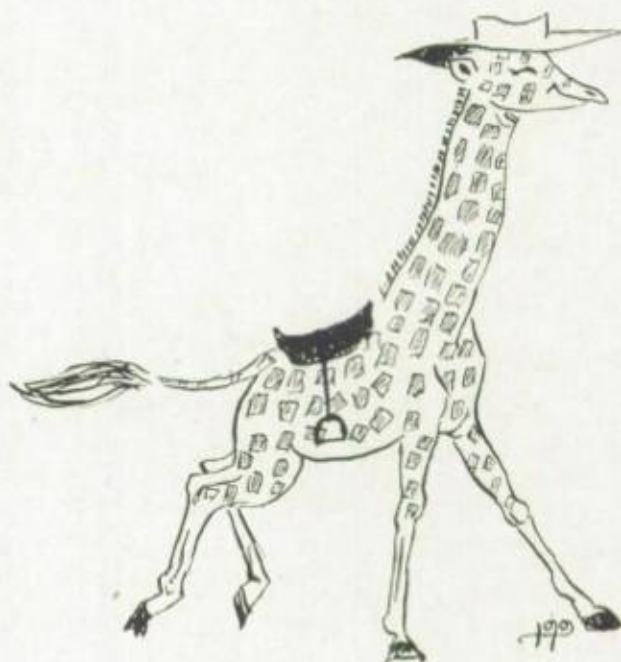
Lost Without: Shetland sweaters

Remembered For: Looking like Vogue
but preferring levis

20 Years Hence: On the cover of
Harper's

Political Club, '56

Art Club, '56





MARCIA MC MARTIN

Mac

Entered: September, '52

Topic of Conversation: "Censored"
Probable Companion: Prometheus
Suppressed Desire: To catch up on sleep
Allergy: A coat
Lost Without: Her straw
Remembered For: Her motorcycle
20 Years Hence: Goodness knows—

Riding Club, '53, '54, '55
 Art Club, '53, '54, '56
 Art Editor of the *Anchor*, '54

"I am sandaled with wind and with flame."
 —SARA TEASDALE

Varsity Basketball, '54
 Glee Club, '54
 Student Council Representative, '55, '56
 Secretary of the Student Council, '55
 Political Club, '56
 Yorkville Youth Council, '55, '56
 Consulting Editor of the Yearbook, '56

Address: 907 Fifth Avenue,
 New York City





SARAH ALEY POYTHRESS MCNEAL

Sas

Entered: September, '54

Topic of Conversation: —“in Looville”—
Probable Companion: The Man of Distinction

Suppressed Desire: To find “Mah day”

Allergy: Her roommates

Lost Without: Her baggy sweaters

Remembered For: Her dual personality
—school versus the B.D.

20 Years Hence: Headmistress of Miss Hewitt's Classes

Riding Club, '55

Yorkville Youth Council, '55

“Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free.”

—TENNYSON

Dramatic Club, '55, '56

Varsity Basketball, '55, '56

Political Club, '56

President of Student Council, '56

Boarding Department, B. D., '55, '56

Address: Hurstbourne Farms,
Lyndon Cottage,
Lyndon, Kentucky





ISABELLE BRULATOUR MILLS

Issy

Entered: September, '49

Topic of Conversation: "What's the scoop, group?"

Probable Companion: A Princeton timetable

Suppressed Desire: To have long blonde hair

Allergy: Yale

Lost Without: Her glasses

Remembered For: Being the salt of the earth

20 Years Hence: The class grandmother

"I am for those who walk abreast with the whole earth."

—WALT WHITMAN

Social Editor of the *Sparklet*, '53

Senior Dramatic Club, '53, '55

Cheerleading, '53

Captain of Cheerleading, '54

Art Club, '54, '56

Alumnae Editor of the *Anchor*, '54

Student Council Representative, '54

Captain of Tennis, '55

Yorkville Youth Council, '55, '56

Riding Club, '55

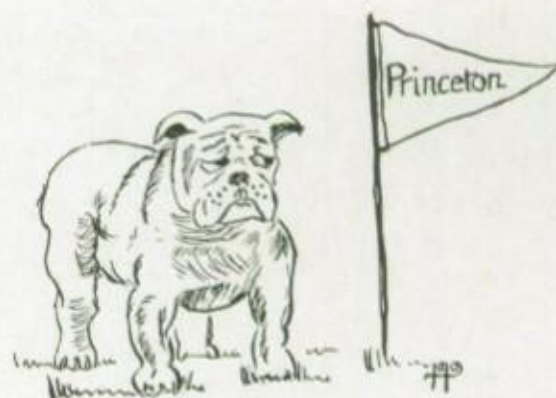
Political Club, '56

Chairman of Senior Debate, '56

Photography Editor of the *Yearbook*, '56

Secretary of the Senior Class, '56

Address: 888 Park Avenue,
New York City or
Bellevue Avenue,
Rye,
N. Y.





FLORENCE BRAGG PAINE

Flo

Entered: September, '46-'52; '55

Topic of Conversation: "Which comes first, the chicken or the egg?"

Probable Companion: Mr. Strayer and Mr. Upton

Suppressed Desire: To be Premier of France

Allergy: Logic

Lost Without: A Liberty Music Shop

Remembered For: Her Occasional European Accent

20 Years Hence: Still Premier of France

*"I would experience new emotions,
Submit to strange enchantments."*

—AMY LOWELL

Glee Club, '52

Business Manager of the *Sparklet*, '53

Lower School Editor of the *Venturer*, '56

Assistant Art Editor of *Yearbook*, '56

Yorkville Youth Council, '56

Political Club, '56

Senior Debate, '56

Address: 24 East 82nd Street,
New York City





LOUISE MITCHELL PAINE

Weezie

Entered: September, '52

Topic of Conversation: Anything talk-
able

Probable Companion: E. E. Cummings
Suppressed Desire: To comb a tropical
beach

Allergy: Detail

Lost Without: Doodle paper

Remembered For: \$64 questions and
\$64,000 answers

20 Years Hence: Receiving the Nobel
Prize in literature for abolishing
punctuation

*"Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar."*

—JOHN KEATS

Dramatic Club, '53, '54

Glee Club, '53, '54

Art Editor of the *Sparklet*, '53

Assistant Alumnae Editor of the *Anchor*,
'54

Art Club, '55, '56

Yorkville Youth Council, '55, '56

Literary Editor of the *Venturer*, '54

Activity Editor of the *Venturer*, '55

Editor in Chief of the *Venturer*, '56

Editor in Chief of the *Yearbook*, '56

Political Club, '56

Senior Debate, '56

Senior Dance Committee, '56

Address: 4 Alden Place,
Bronxville,
N. Y.





BARBARA ANN PEDDY

Bobbie

Entered: September, '54

Topic of Conversation: Plans

Probable Companion: A Brooks Brother

Suppressed Desire: To have a private wire Anywhere

Allergy: Striped hair

Lost Without: A trip

Remembered For: Her afternoon dates

20 Years Hence: Completing a plan

Riding Club, '55, '56

Yorkville Youth Council, '55, '56

*"And laughing and calling
She tossed her bright hair."*

—JOHN MANIFOLD

Glee Club, '55, '56

Political Club, '56

Varsity Basketball, '56

Vice-President - Treasurer of the Senior Class, '56

Address: 1172 Park Avenue,
New York City





KATHARINE PAULA REED

Kay

Entered: September, '47-'51; '54

Topic of Conversation: "Did I get any mail today?"

Probable Companion: One of the Seven Dwarfs

Suppressed Desire: To model for a Chas. Addams cartoon

Allergy: Sports

Lost Without: Something to say

Remembered For: Her energy

20 Years Hence: Giving a party for Pearl Mesta

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."

—TENNYSON

Vice-President of Social Service, '55
Art Club, '55

Yorkville Youth Council, '55, '56

Glee Club, '55, '56

Chairman of Senior Dance, '56

Political Club, '56

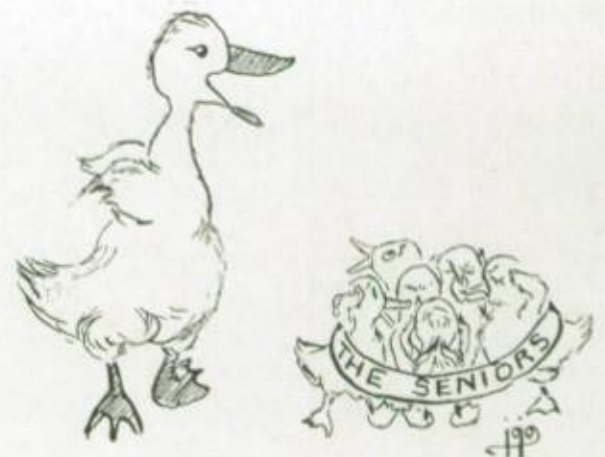
Senior Debate, '56

Literary Editor of the *Yearbook*, '56

President of Senior Class, '56

Boarding Department, B. D., '55, '56

Address: Easton Road,
Westport,
Connecticut





LYNNE BURKE SAWDON

Lyn

Entered: September, '55

Topic of Conversation: Letters

Probable Companion: The other Brooks
Brother

Suppressed Desire: To get lighter and
brighter

Allergy: Eggs

Lost Without: A week-end

Remembered For: Her cackle

20 Years Hence: Taking a week-end at
Mars U.

Political Club, '56

Riding Club, '56

"And joy shall overtake us as a flood."

—JOHN MILTON

Yorkville Youth Council, '56

Glee Club, '56

Varsity Basketball, '56

Address: 14 Sutton Place South,
New York City





ANNE HALLE SEYMOUR

Seymour

*"She has brought us all together,
All delights of summer weather."*

—JOHN KEATS

Reporter for the *Sparklet*, '53
Student Council, '53
Dramatic Club, '53, '56
Glee Club, '53, '56

Address: 515 East 89th Street,
New York City

Entered: September, '48-'50; '51; '55

Topic of Conversation: —Spiced with
humor—

Probable Companion: Man in the Gray
Flannel Suit

Suppressed Desire: To live in a garret in
Paris

Allergy: Boring letters

Lost Without: A paintbrush

Remembered For: "Dancing in the park"

20 Years Hence: Giving a job to Chris-
tian Dior





PATRICIA ANNE HOWARD SHELTON

Patsy

Entered: September, '52

Topic of Conversation: Belize
Probable Companion: An Englishman
Suppressed Desire: To be an Old Master
Allergy: Anyone else's Spanish
Lost Without: High heels
Remembered For: Her gestures
20 Years Hence: Improving Spanish-American relations

Glee Club, '53, '54, '56
 Art Club, '53, '54
 Riding, '53, '54, '55

"I exist as I am, that is enough."

—WALT WHITMAN

Yorkville Youth Council, '55, '56
 Art Editor of the *Sparklet*, '53
 Faculty Editor of the *Anchor*, '54
 Varsity Basketball, '55
 Political Club, '56
 Senior Debate, '56
 Senior Dance Committee, '56
 President of Social Service, '56
 Boarding Department, B. D., '54, '55, '56

Address: 9 Alden Place,
 Bronxville,
 N. Y.





BARBARA ANN WALLANDER

Barb

Entered: September, '51

Topic of Conversation: "Oh yes, I have the key."

Probable Companion: 6'6"

Suppressed Desire: To finish her seventeen-year diet

Allergy: Being rushed

Lost Without: That cup of coffee

Remembered For: Good nature

20 Years Hence: Wash your face, Johnny; brush your teeth, Sally; drink your milk, Bobby.

"Serene and resolute and still, and calm, and self-possessed."

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Glee Club, '53, '54, '55, '56

Vice-President of Glee Club, '56

Art Club, '53, '54, '55, '56

Reporter for the *Sparklet*, '53

Reporter for the *Anchor*, '54

Riding Club, '54

Yorkville Youth Council, '55

Political Club, '54

Literary Editor of the *Yearbook*, '56

Address: 1133 Park Avenue,
New York City





JOANNE PATRICIA WARNER

JoJo

Entered: September, '54

Topic of Conversation: "Couldn't it be this way . . ."

Probable Companion: Stanislavsky

Suppressed Desire: To be an Elizabethan

Allergy: Neatness

Lost Without: Ketchup and chocolate sauce

Remembered For: JoJo-isms

20 Years Hence: Tramping over the moors

*"In what distant deeps or skies,
Burnt the fire of thine eyes."*

—WILLIAM BLAKE

Dramatic Club, '55
Yorkville Youth Council, '55, '56
Political Club, '56
Senior Debate, '56
Senior Dance Committee, '56
Art Editor of the *Venturer*, '56
Art Editor of the *Yearbook*, '56
President of Dramatic Club, '56
Boarding Department, B. D., '55, '56

Address: "Twin Elms," Doubling Road,
Greenwich,
Connecticut





The Seniors Remember

One time in the softness of a still, early morning in Spring, I was out riding my horse and quite by accident, I stumbled on a place I had never seen before. It was a little valley nestled on a cliff, overlooking Long Island Sound.

I got off my horse and let him roam. I lay down in a little hollow among some silvery, blond grasses that were shimmering and rippling in the gentle breeze. Sometimes I dropped stones quietly and softly into the water far below, but mostly I lay curled up looking at the clouds, and the trees forming a protective circle around me.

After a while, I got on my horse and rode off. I've never wanted to spoil the perfection of that day by returning.

—Susan Bergman

When I was a child in New Orleans, the neighbor's children and I had a wonderful world of our own behind some big trees at the far end of our garden. The world was called "India," always named with reverence, for in this word combined the colorful and fascinating thoughts that made up our game. To India we brought all kinds of treasures—shells, pretty paper, colored glass, and I remember especially, shiny bits of tiles we had dug up behind the empty house at the end of the garden. The rule was that everything had to be found. We could not bring anything bought, for that would have taken the wonder out of our game. Oh, it was a glorious world! We would sit for hours on the grass under the big peach trees, fingering our pretty objects and telling stories about anything colorful, always in some way related to India or some such far country that had caught our fancy.

—*Louise Paine*

Tucson, Arizona, where I've lived for several years, is the home of a famous rodeo and rodeo parade, attended by visitors from all forty-eight states. The rodeo queen leads the parade in a resplendent Western riding costume—usually all white with colorful trimming. She is photographed, feted at balls, and is the heroine of Rodeo Week. Seeing her and hearing about her gave me a consuming ambition to be a rodeo queen.

Last year the small town of Willcox, Arizona, gave its rodeo and parade and had a queen contest. Tiny Willcox was to be crowded and jammed with eager spectators.

I found I was eligible for the contest. I trained my horse and got out my most colorful Western garb. The day came, and I was in the ring with twenty other contestants. The stands bulged with spectators; cars were parked six deep; and three judges were enthroned.

We were to perform one by one. My friends and family all felt, (favoritism and loyalty, of course), that I was bound to win. I already saw my picture in the paper and also opening the ball with the town's mayor. As my turn came, I rode out to frantic applause from my rooters. My horse and I executed graceful figure eights. We stopped, we started, we pivoted. No cowgirl of the West ever looked more the part, thought I. My final maneuver was to gallop wildly up to the judges, stop in a cloud of dust, dismount and bow. There was wild applause from all the spectators. Ah, the crown must be mine, I felt. I began to remount my horse, ready to make the last triumphant circle of the ring. As my foot touched the stirrup, my horse bolted and I never did reach the saddle. She tore across the ring and I ended up with my face in the dust and a badly banged elbow. That was the end of Queen Ruth of the Willcox Rodeo.

—*Ruth Havemeyer*

Though this happened very recently, it is something I will never be able to forget. Every graduating class wants a perfect senior dance and we weren't going to be an exception. Everything was going to be beautiful and sophisticated, right down to the very last drop of champagne. We picked the committees very carefully and much to my surprise, I was chosen business manager. Of course I was going to be the best business manager in the history of Hewitt's! We decided on what vintage champagne would be the best, what color schemes we would use in the decorations, and last but not least, what band we would dance to. My job was to hire the band. The day of the dance came and we all helped to decorate the library, after which we each wandered off in separate directions to our hairdresser's. At seven o'clock we all arrived at the cocktail and dinner party, planned before the dance. All the seniors looked beautiful, and a lot of fun was had by all. At ten we departed for the school and the dance in very high spirits, ready to dance all night, but a very minor problem appeared. As I walked in the school door, ready to dance all night, Mrs. Riggs approached and calmly asked me, "Patricia, my dear, where is the orchestra?"

—*Patricia Shelton*

Mummy and Daddy say that elves wander about the house on Christmas Eve ready for Santa Claus. I know there is a Santa Claus, but are the elves really in the house? Mummy even told me once that elves played games in the hallway every night, eating crumbs that had dropped from my cookies.

The night before your sixth Christmas you go into the pantry. You push the heavy white chair to the shelf. If you spread your legs high enough, you can pull yourself onto the chair. When you stand up your hand can almost reach the gumdrop bag. Up, up high on tiptoe you go. Your fingers catch the crinkly paper of the red and white candy. One jump into the air and you are down.

All over the house you go. Behind heavy red curtains, in the fireplace, behind the bronze lamp, and under the table candelabra. In every corner you can find, you hide a gumdrop. If there are really elves, as Mummy says, all the candy will be gone. You run to tell Mummy your plan.

Carefully, Christmas morning, you look into each hiding place for tiny elf footprints or an uneaten candy. Every gumdrop is gone. Then there really are elves! You run to your shoe Santa filled at the fireplace. A puppet with a big red nose is laughing at you. You laugh back at the silly puppet. Near the puppet in a crinkly little bag are some red and white gumdrops—those the elves couldn't finish.

—*Sarah McNeal*

Thank goodness it was over, and I could ride home in the comfort of George's car. George was my sole confidant, and also my Grandmother's chauffeur. I used to sit cross-legged on the jump seat and tell him all my problems. A fourth-grader has comparatively few, but I had the weight of the world on my shoulders. Dancing class had been particularly horrible that Friday. George was always very encouraging. He would tell me how nice it was to be called Miss Anne, and that I would grow up to be a beautiful young lady. I used to love George.

—*Anne Seymour*

When I was ten, my father decided it was time I learned to play golf. The following day we arrived at the golf club and proceeded to the practice tee. After what seemed like an endless explanation of what I must and must not do, I eagerly grabbed the club, tee'd up the ball, and swung. Needless to say, I missed. Not to be discouraged, I tried again and again and again. After an exhausting hour with no success, I decided to make one last attempt. At that unfortunate moment, a man playing the eighteenth hole which cut diagonally across the practice tee, appeared about 100 yards away. Daddy, of course, saw him, but thinking that my last shot would be as all the others, did not warn me to wait until the man had played through. I again picked up the club and prepared to attack the ball. Attack the ball I did! By some ill fate I happened to connect. The ball soared through the air in a straight course toward the poor unsuspecting man. It hit him in the most awkward place.

—*Marcia McMartin*

Have you ever had the experience of living in an empty house for twenty-one days? Perhaps I shouldn't say empty for my mother and sister were with me and we had three army cots, but I felt awed, intimidated, and insecure at first. When I turned from the window, after watching the moving-van leave with all our furniture, the room had assumed immense proportions and my footsteps which had never been audible with the rugs on the floor, resounded loudly. The ring of the telephone and doorbell were as terrifying as a fire alarm, but these alarms soon became comforting.

Kind neighbors brought delicious meals to us and many games for my entertainment. Fear left me and I began to have confidence that all would turn out well and I even enjoyed the unique experience.

My sister was fine now. Mother had discovered she had mumps when the van was loading the furniture. Tilda could not be moved and then we had to wait until the incubation period for me was over before we could move East. However, I didn't have the mumps until five years later!

—*Anna Faulkner*

Naturally, no one in my family loved me. I could tell. They used to sit and whisper . . . buzz buzz . . . "Oh, you know she's just at that age . . . buzz buzz!" What age? I was five years old. Was that the age they meant?

Well, I had enough of life, so one night, I decided that the best thing to do would be to leave home. Of course, I wouldn't go alone. "Kilty," my green and yellow teddy bear would come with me. After all he was the only one who loved me.

We had a wide range of places to choose from for our trip—California, to be a child movie star; Africa, to hunt lions; or down the street to play with Annie. Annie was my very, very bestest friend for that week. We (Kilty and I) decided that we should play with Annie, but, of course, being uninvited guests, we would supply our own food. So every night after dinner, I would sneak a can or two of food up into my room and put it into my overnight bag, which was well hidden under the bed.

Finally, the day arrived when the suitcase was completely filled and we were off!

Well, maybe we wouldn't leave that day, 'cause I couldn't move the suitcase!!

—Isabelle Mills

It was early autumn. I walked through LeForet des Brebis. I scuffed aside the leaves in the path as I went. The air was brisk; the sky clear blue. Patches of yellow, red, and orange made exciting patterns. I became enchanted in a land of enchantment.

I struggled on top of a waterfall. Then I saw a wooden stile. I climbed up, flung my arms wide, and balanced myself along. A pile of leaves came closer; I jumped in. "Mes amies" caught up; there were peals of laughter. Leaves were flying in all directions with me in the middle, delighted in myself and the world.

—Flo Paine

As we were packing our bags to leave for the airport from our hotel in Caracas, Mother said, "Darling, please let me do all the talking, the Custom's officials here are quite strict."

We arrived in good time for the departure. The Custom official, before opening our luggage, demanded in a harsh voice, "'ave you declared everything you 'ave purchased 'ere?"

"Yes," Mother answered calmly.

"Mother!" I asserted in a shocked voice. "You did not! What about those ivory handled riding crops?"

Mother blushed.

The Custom's official laughed. "Go bord de plane. She keep you from breaking de law!"

—Kay Reed

At the age of twelve, I considered myself a pretty good swimmer. At least I wasn't afraid of anything having to do with swimming.

We have a summer home down in Easthampton, Long Island, which is right on the ocean, and my summer days have always been spent jumping and diving the waves whether it was one of the roughest days of the year or the calmest. At that time, I was the only girl of my age who would go in the water at its roughest and not be afraid of it—until one day, that is.

It was after a storm, and a "no flag" day which meant no bathing—a day when the ocean looked as if it might be a boiling pot of soup. In my worst bathing suit, straps well-anchored, along with two other daring souls, the lifeguard and an eighteen-year-old girl, I went down to the shoreline where the waves were breaking in all directions and the foam was filling the air, as if a cloud had just descended upon us. The three of us made a plan, deciding that the best method would be to make a chain by holding on to each other's wrists.

We dived into a few of the incredible waves, still clinging to each other. Then the chain broke, and for the first time, I knew fear.

—*Barbara Ann Peddy*

Make-up and cosmetics interested me at a very early age. When I was about four years old, nothing fascinated me more than to watch my mother apply make-up on her face. I used to sit on the edge of her bed and watch every little detail of the process closely.

One day when I was alone in my mother's room, I got a great urge to go into the vanity drawer and pull out her cosmetics and use them.

First, I started off with a cream base all over the face. Then came the powder which was all over me. Upon finishing that, I decided I looked too pale so I applied quite a bit of rouge. Now it was time to put lipstick on and that was exactly what I did. The lipstick was all over my face but I thought I was looking quite pretty.

When I was about finished with making up my face, both Daddy and Mommy walked in on me.

I didn't know what to do. No one was to know what I was doing. Before they could say a word, I burst out in a very perturbed manner, "Don't see me!"

—*Barbara Wallander*

It was Spring Vacation when I found out I could go to a day school in New York. This excited me to no end. Within the next few days we were making appointments to see different schools. The minute I entered the first school, I knew I didn't want to go there, but I still made a great attempt to be charming.

The next day was Miss Hewitt's Classes. I walked in and talked to Mrs. Comfort, my head hanging down, while she was telling me all the wonderful things that went on during the school year. My mother was disgusted with me for hanging my head, but when I walked out of the school, I told her that it was the place for me.

I took the test the next day, before I went back to boarding school. The next three weeks there was great tension as to whether I would get in. Well, I did, and here I am today, a senior.

—Nance Boyd

I was slouched in the farthest corner of Physics class chewing an eraser and staring out the window at the brick wall that surrounds the school courtyard. It all seemed horribly symbolic. And I hadn't done my homework. And I didn't know how to, any way. And the cold air currents were pushing the heat from the radiator up, up, up, so that my feet were freezing. If it weren't for physicists always coming up with discoveries like that I'd be nice and warm. I yawned.

"Come up to the desk to watch the experiment, girls." I looked around drowsily. Apparently Mrs. Gibson had been repeating that request for quite awhile, because everyone else was standing around the desk looking at me expectantly. Resigning myself, I slid off my chair and scuffed my loafers across the linoleum to the desk, where I immediately folded up into my perennial Monday-Morning Slouch.

Through the fog I was able to distinguish my classmates' voices coming from far off in the distance. Louise was crying, "Oh, let *me* try it!" Bergie was reconstructing the whole experiment and theorizing on Somebody-Or-Other's Principle. Barbara was laughing in amazement "Oh, yes . . . I see. But what *is* it?" And Mrs. Gibson: "No, no, girls! Please!"

Class and classmates droned on and on. The only thing of which I was clearly aware was Mrs. Gibson dashing over to the sink every few moments to rinse off the apparatus. Strange she didn't turn the water on. Out of idle curiosity, I managed to lift one eye-lid to peer down into the sink. No! It couldn't be. Not the first thing Monday morning. But . . . it was! The eye popped open. There, floating peacefully in the sink, were three fat frogs left over from biology class. I gulped in astonishment as Mrs. Gibson came

calmly over to the sink and once more rinsed off a piece of apparatus. "M-Mrs. Gibson," I stammered, "D-Do you know there are frogs in there?"

Louise shrieked.

Mrs. Gibson looked at me blankly for a moment. "What? Oh . . . oh, yes," she said simply. "Now, please, Joanne, pay attention to the experiment." Impressed, I obeyed.

—Joanne Warner

"This is the last time I'll look at that clock!"

How many times have I said that? When I am writing an exam, it seems that clocks have a peculiar fascination for me. I had entered the room calm, cool and confident. Now, thanks to the endless tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock of that leering face on the wall, I am reduced to a doddering, panic-stricken fool whose chances of passing are slim. I had come in, sat down at the desk, and written the first half on my paper when the strangest feeling came over me that someone, something was taking a more than usual interest in my work. Glancing hurriedly up, my eyes met the blank face of a clock on the wall directly in front of me. I stared at it; it stared at me, letting out explosive tick-tocks at regular intervals. Returning to my paper, I concentrated as well as I could.

"Four more questions to do and then the end. How much time do I have?"

Slowly, and with a guilty feeling, I raised my eyes to the clock again. Its minute hand held my attention. It was impossible to tear my eyes from it. Steadily it moved; minute by minute passed with a distinct and audible click as three o'clock was reached. Half an hour for four questions!

I tore my eyes from the clock and again riveted them on my paper. As my ears strained to catch each sound that it made, I found myself writing and muttering, "Two words for the tick, one for the tock."

My pen flew over the paper, trying to keep up with the ticks and the tocks. Now, how much time was left? Fifteen minutes! As I gazed on the clock's face with terror and awe, watching the minutes tick away, my mind was silently counting the ticks, multiplying by sixty, subtracting the number of days in a week. The answer should be the number of tocks in half an hour. Why didn't it come out? Perhaps if I . . . Ten minutes left!

Back to my paper I went. All self-control had vanished. The remaining ten minutes were spent between glaring at the clock and quickly writing short phrases which made absolutely no sense. Now it is over. I am convinced that time will pass, but will *I*?

—Lynne Sawdon



Impressions

Susan Bergman: heather . . . opal . . . hearths . . . fruit cake . . . lemon drops
. . . darts

Nancy Boyd: forsythia . . . pearls . . . fig newtons . . . cocker puppies . . .
"Blue Grass"

Anna Faulkner: sunlight . . . topaz . . . dogwood . . . spring breeze . . . white
cloud . . . sachets . . . Irish linen

Ruth Havemeyer: turquoise . . . yellow poppies . . . guitars . . . Santa Fe
Trail . . . poplar trees . . . white fox

Marcia McMartin: kumquats . . . humming bird . . . tiger lily . . . wild
ponies . . . drums

Sarah McNeal: polished mahogany . . . silver services . . . garnets . . . pine
trees . . . hillbilly music

Issy Mills: daffodils . . . cherry red . . . summer days . . . checked gingham
. . . Fourth of July

Flo Paine: lilies of the valley . . . demi-tasse . . . fountains . . . rose quartz
 . . . ski trails

Louise Paine: "Garden Swing" . . . lemon sherbet . . . Angora kitten . . .
 Christmas Eve . . . sapphire . . . moonlight

Barbara Ann Peddy: diamonds . . . black velvet . . . "Joy" . . . chartreuse
 . . . honey

Kay Reed: candlelight . . . sparkling burgundy . . . shooting stars . . . roasted
 chestnuts . . . cinnamon drops . . . carousels

Lynne Sawdon: tweeds . . . almonds . . . carnations . . . "Jicky" . . . cham-
 pagne

Ann Seymour: hot chocolate . . . gold . . . laurel . . . sea green . . . collages

Patsy Shelton: Marimba bands . . . lightning bugs . . . jack-o'-lanterns . . .
 paradoxes . . . java

Barbara Wallander: wisteria . . . lavender blue . . . angel cake . . . moon-
 stones . . . silver

Joanne Warner: lutes . . . rubies . . . castanets . . . wine goblets . . . pome-
 granates . . . incense . . . mist



For Auld Lang Syne

Debbie Condon	1944-1953
Shaun Crowley	1953-1954
Susan Cuddeback	1944-1955
Nini de Jurenev	1953-1954
Marie-Annick de Lorgeril	1952-1955
Sarnia Hayes	1944-1953

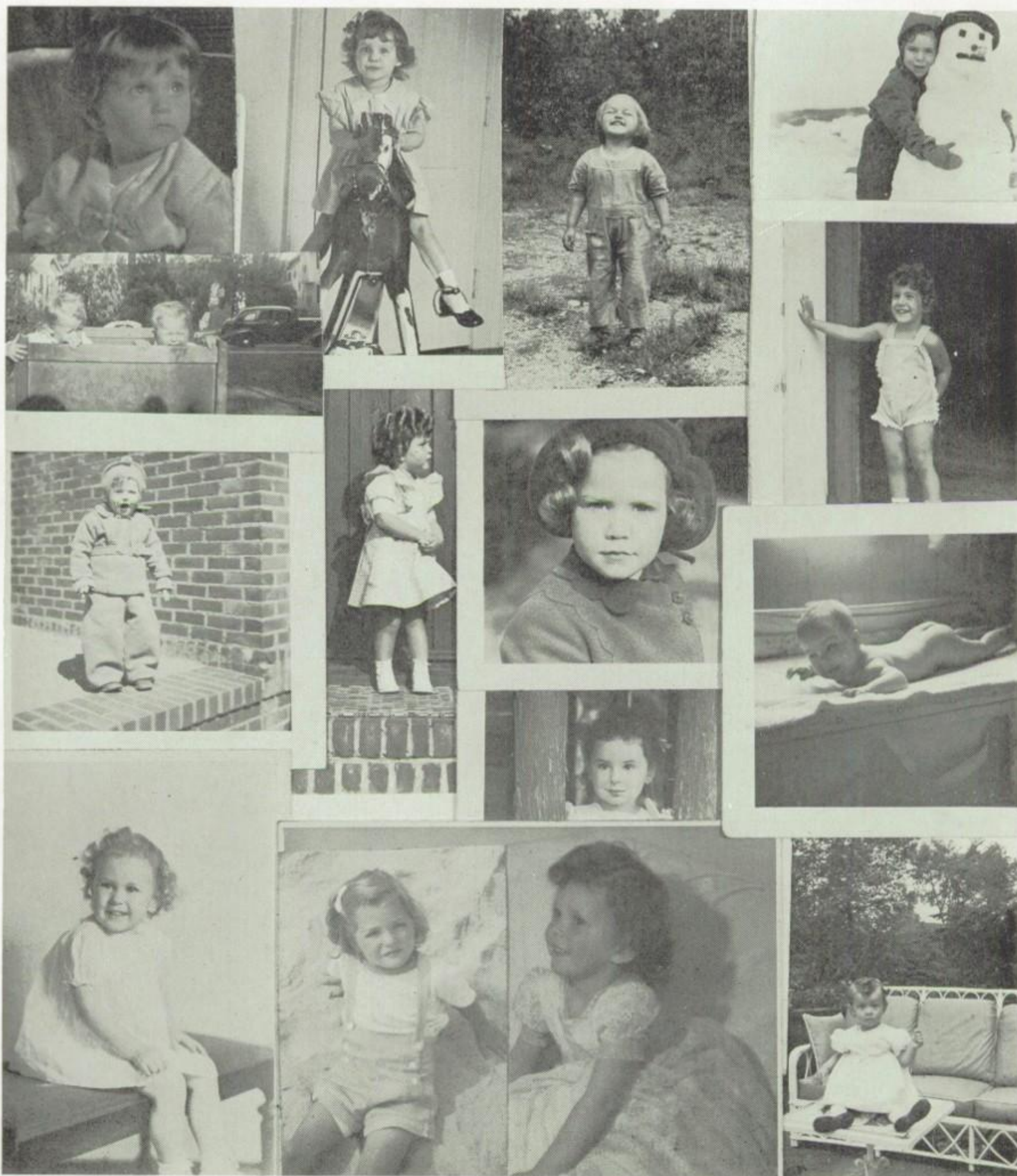




Split Personalities

	<i>How the Faculty Sees Us</i>	<i>How the School Sees Us</i>	<i>How '56 See Themselves</i>
MOST VIVACIOUS	Kay	Kay	Kay
BEST DRESSED	Ruthie	Ruthie	Ruthie
MOST SINCERE	Barbara	Sarah	Barbara
HIGHEST ASPIRATIONS	Susan	Susan	Susan
MOST NATURAL	Issy	Sarah	Issy
MOST ATTRACTIVE	Anna	Jo-Jo	Lynne
BEST PERSONALITY	Patsy	Patsy	Patsy
MOST INDIVIDUAL	Marcia	Sue	Marcia
CUTEST	Louise	Louise	Anna
MOST ENTERTAINING	Issy	Issy	Ann
GAYEST	Lynne	Kay	Lynne
MOST STUNNING	Ann	Louise	Ruthie
MOST SOPHISTICATED	Barbara-Ann	Jo-Jo	Barbara-Ann
LOVELIEST	Louise	Louise	Louise
MOST CHARMING	Kay	Barbara	Barbara
MOST FEMININE	Anna	Louise	Louise
MOST GENEROUS	Nancy	Nancy	Nancy
MOST CREATIVE	Jo-Jo	Jo-Jo	Jo-Jo
MOST COSMOPOLITAN	Flo	Barbara-Ann	Flo
FIRST TO BE MARRIED	Louise	Anna	Issy
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED	Sarah	Flo	Sarah
LAZIEST			The Class

Baby Pictures



First Row: Barbara Ann, Sarah, Patsy, Susan
Second Row: Flo and Louise, Barbara, Kay, Isabelle, Joanne, Nance, Marcia
Third Row: Anna, Ann, Ruth, Lyn



S.L. BARCLAY

Ideal Girl

<i>Hair</i>	Ruth
<i>Eyes</i>	Joanne
<i>Nose</i>	Louise
<i>Mouth</i>	Joanne
<i>Smile</i>	Anna
<i>Complexion</i>	Barbara
<i>Waist</i>	Marcia
<i>Hands</i>	Kay
<i>Legs</i>	Barbara-Ann
<i>Coloring</i>	Louise
<i>Profile</i>	Anne
<i>Figure</i>	Susan

Literary



Alice Has Another Dream

Alice was walking through Wonderland's biggest park when she heard a voice shouting, "Help! help!" She ran to where the sound came from and saw a card doubled in half in a lake. When she undoubled it she saw it was the Eight of Hearts, the Queen's head guardian. When Alice asked the card why he was in the water he said because he had been spying on some bad people who liked it when the Queen was mad. She had killed many people but now that she was sane they wanted to take over the throne.

Suddenly the card jumped to his feet because he saw something move in the bushes. Then without warning a bad man leaped out and caught Alice. He took her to his and the gang's hide-out. Because Alice was a little girl she could not fight this big man. She was watched almost every second.

Meanwhile, the card ran back to the palace and warned everyone. Two whole decks of cards started marching to the men's hide-out.

In the meantime Alice listened very carefully while the men discussed their plot. Just as the men had gone off to town to buy something, the cards came to the hide-out.

Now that everyone knew what the men looked like, one pack of cards went to town, the other pack waited at the hide-out. Unknown to the cards, the men were sneaking up on the Queen, who was in the palace. Luckily the guards realized just in time that some one was creeping into the castle. The guards recognized the men and they told the Queen that these were the bad men. After a little while they caught all the bad men, and put them in prison. The Queen of Hearts said, "Alice, you are a very brave girl," because Alice had not been frightened through the whole thing.

—Carol Mason
Class V

Once there was a little white poodle, he had no home. He lived in the woods, he found his food by digging holes in the ground. He was very lonesome. But one day he met a girl poodle and they decided to get married, so they got married, had some babies, and lived happily ever after.

—Marina Cassini
Class II

Springtime Green

There is something in the springtime
Of a special joy to me.
It's found on every bush,
On every shrub and tree.
On every sprouting blade of grass,
On every fragile fern,
This wondrous thing is everywhere
And each year will return.

It is the shade of springtime,
That wondrous shade of green,
Which at no other time of year,
Is so profusely seen.
It has a special beauty,
A beauty all its own,
A beauty clean and delicate,
A soft, refreshing tone.
I think, perhaps, in Heaven,
Where nothing's bad or wrong,
This lovely, dewy shade of green
Is present all year long.

—*Charlene Haas*
Class VIII

Story

Once upon a time there was a fairy. She knew a boy. She loved him dearly, but he hated her because she sometimes went out with other boys. He did not like that at all. He hated that very much.

One day he said, I can't take this any longer. Oh! Do you mean that? Sure I mean that. The fairy was very sad. She said I won't go out with other boys. OK, I will marry you, and they lived happily ever after.

—*Rhodena Dalsemer*
Class II



To Be A Bard In Olden Time

I wish I were a wandering bard,
Walking the world when the ways were hard.
When the heart beat quicker,
And hope was young,
And truth was the song on a minstrel's tongue.
Though the forests were deep and wild and dark,
The huntsman's arrow found its mark,
And the greatest huntsman was king of all.
But whether in hut or kingly hall,
With crouching hounds by a leaping blaze,
Fierce men listened with dreaming gaze,
While my harp sang on of love and war,
Of gods and heroes who lived before.
O, the lords of that time were mad and free,
But tender were they to poetry.

—Emmi Mattesich
Class VII

This Too Will Pass

If there's one thing I like it's examinations.
If there's one thing I hate it's long vacations.
To sit at my desk and study all night
Is to me much better than some Turkish delight.

Whenever there looms a weekend ahead
I wish, wish to myself there was school instead.
On Monday morn I rush to the door
Thrilled with the thought of work in store.

One of the things I like the best
Is a teacher who springs a test.
My spirits soar when I have to go
Up to the blackboard to show what I know.

I never talk in classes at all
Which proves I'm always on the ball . . .
(My feet feel queer, where are my shoes?
I must be getting the springtime blues!)

—*Rosita Sarnoff*
Class VIII

A Summer Adventure

One day at camp I was walking along when I came upon a little brook. I explored it a little and found a tiny waterfall. There were small rocks up above it. Since they were so much like stepping stones I crossed it. Then I started going upstream. I heard something behind me but took no thought of it. I followed the brook a ways then turned back. There not ten feet away from me was a giant black stallion. His conformation was perfect. He was drinking from the stream. Then he lifted his head and saw me, he whirled around. His beautiful ears went back, his intelligent eyes set far apart glared at me, he showed his teeth. Looking at me once again he went back to his drinking. I felt as though I were glued to the ground. When he finished drinking he came over to me. Suddenly I remembered a lump of sugar in the back pocket of my uniform. I took it out and held it out to him. He ate it. Soon we were very good friends.

—*Vivian Witkind*
Class V



The Young And Brave

The shouts of "Ole!" are deafening and the loud clapping and yelling make you feel as if the world is sitting right beside you in the bullring. The young boy in the ring is dressed in an old pair of trousers that have been handed down to him from his eldest brother. They are ragged and torn, and his shirt is splashed with mud and dirt. His hair is too long, and it whips in the slight breeze that is cooling the crowd on this hot day of August.

The passes are superb, and after each one the crowd yells as loud as it can, "Ole! Ole!" They are standing now, throwing everything into the arena; flowers, hats, everything. Never have they seen such precision or such grace!

The young boy does not look at the rushing bull now, but at the crowd. The pass takes the bull's horns so close to his body that the crowd screams, "No, No!" The boy's face is sad, thin, and brooding. It is an ugly but still beautiful face. It could be painted only by one as great as El Greco. The boy's body is thin and scrawny, but his awkwardness is not noticed for the beauty of his movements with the cape.

Now the matador and his peons come out into the ring and take the bull away from the boy's cape. The boy runs and leaps over the barrera, but there on the other side waiting are the policemen. They catch him and start off toward the gate, for he will be put in jail for his boldness. The crowd boos the act and tosses hats and flowers down on the boy. It is not very often that a boy of such skill comes illegally into the ring. Many try but have little skill; this is one exception.

He will pay for his illegal entrance in the arena by a few days in jail.

The crowd now settles down to watch the rest of the fight, but they will not cheer much for this matador. They are thinking of the brave boy who may someday become the world's greatest matador.

—George-Ann Roberts
Class IX

The Battle

The sun was brightly shining
And glad were the hearts of the men,
For they'd rounded the tip of the Horn
And were bound for home again.

But the captain, as he paced the deck,
Knew well what was in store.
He knew there was great danger here;
He'd been this way before.

And shouting to his men he cried:
"Now listen, men, and listen well.
Pirates are nigh, both grim and bold,
Who want our cargo to sell."

The captain's words inspired his men,
The cheers were as a mighty roar
For every man felt he'd return
To walk upon his native shore.

Just then a man in the crow's nest cried
In great excitement, "Pirates ho!"
The guns were set upon the deck
And powder brought up from below.

A big black ship fast approached,
(Each man was pale 'neath his tan,)
And with the firing of a shot
The battle then began.

* * *

Some ivory clouds neared a sinking sun,
Though few men could admire,
For the pirate ship had sunk at last;
But the victor couldn't retire.

The water was littered with splinters,
With dead and dying men,
The cries of the wounded were awful,
Of unscathed there were but ten.

Then soothing night spread her shadow,
Over all the terrible scene,
The cries of the wounded were lessening,
For death did intervene.

• • •

Amidst a golden sunrise
Under an azure dome,
A battered ship was limping,
Making its way toward home.

—*Kendra Blodgett*
Class VII



FACULTY

Standing: Miss Gideon, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Schoonmaker, Miss Blair, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Teaze, Mlle. Dukas, Senora Pizarro.

Seated: Mrs. Evarts, Mrs. Rae, Miss Bradley, Mrs. Comfort, Mrs. Riggs, Miss Scaglia

Absent: Miss Fellows.



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Second Row: Rita Monne, Cecily Bastedo, Lyn Studer, Emilie Mattesich, Starr Rothchild, Marina Shields, Marlin Walter, Gedy Angelakova, Wendy Astley-Bell, Christina Van Riper.

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EXIT THE SENIORS

*"Now is done thy long day's work,
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave."*

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

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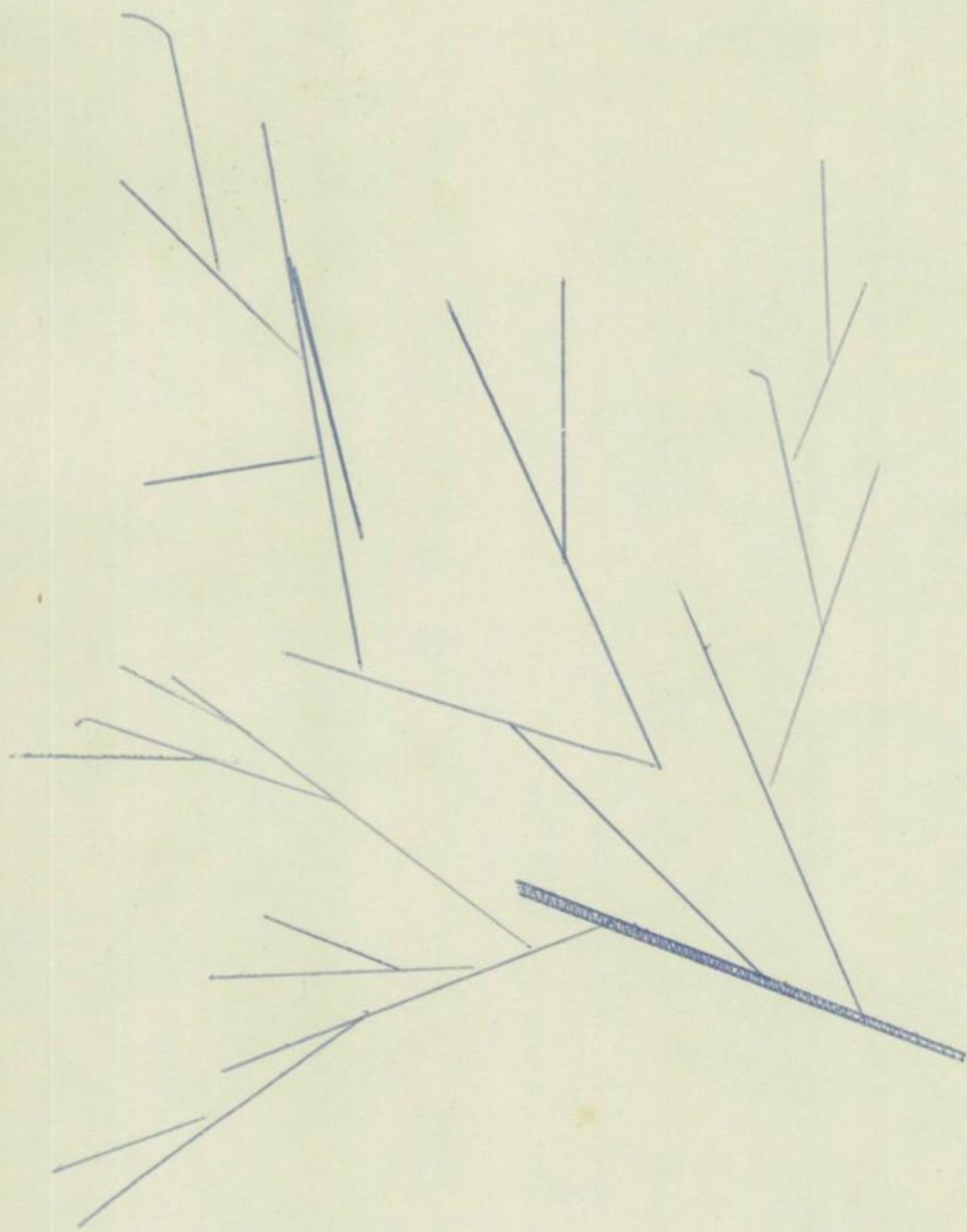


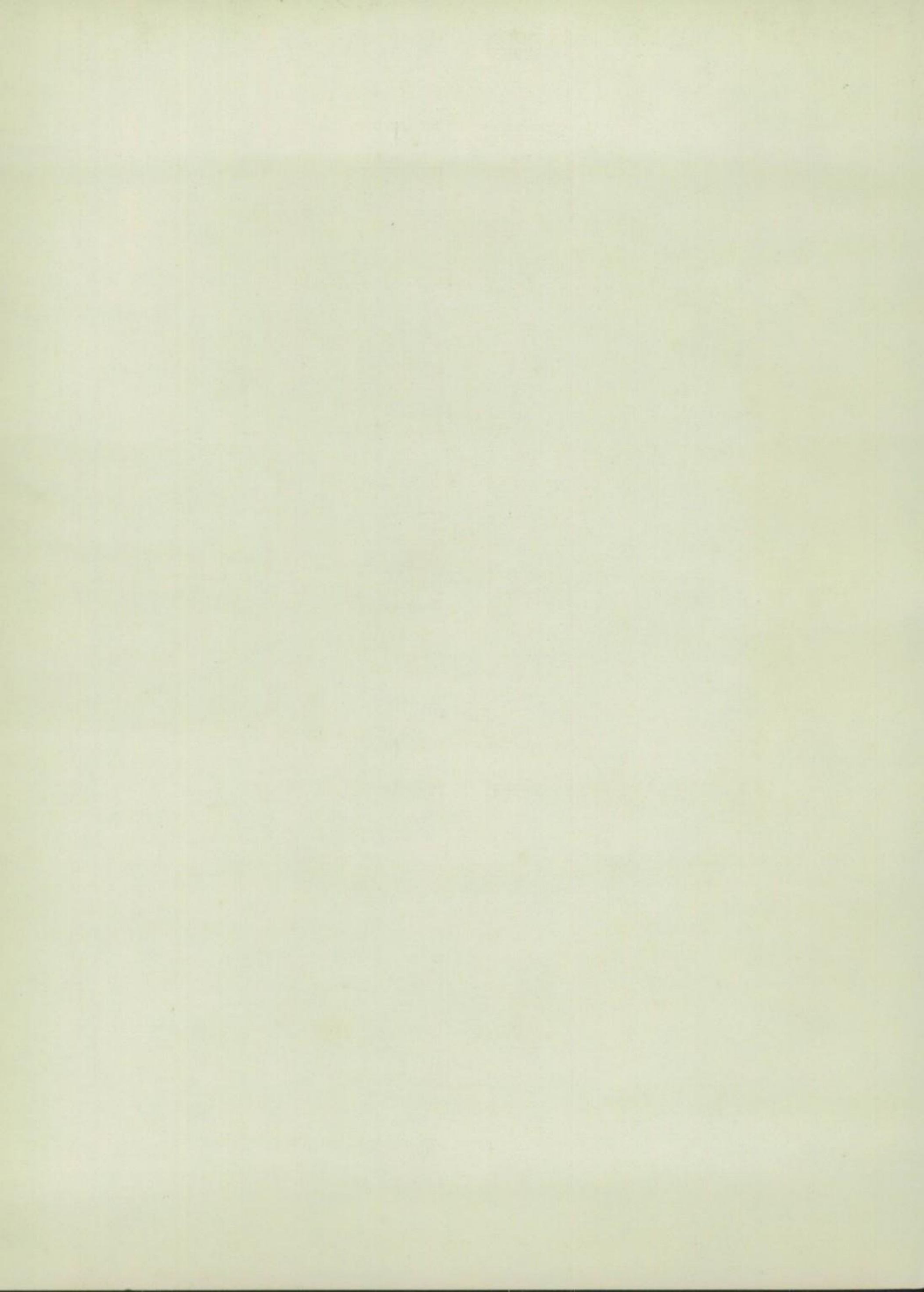
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